

## A Talk With a Dude.

At high noon a youth emerged from the Brunswick and stood for a moment in the brilliant blaze of the April sun listlessly buttoning his gloves. He was languid, somber and inert.

Up and down Fifth avenue stages rumbled and roared, and carriages whirled. The doors of the hotel slammed incessantly, brightly dressed women tripped by, men strode briskly to and fro, laughing nurse-maids led groups of frolicsome children to the park, and even the cabmen whistled and sang as they went about their work. It was a cheerful scene.

The youth did not seem interested in anything. Men who passed glanced at him somewhat contemptuously, or with palpable sneers; women looked admiringly.

He was narrow chested, and his legs were lank and wavering. On his head was a bell-crowned English beaver, with a mourning band two inches wide, and around his neck he wore a collar of preposterous height. A drab covert coat, such as Englishmen wear when riding to a "meet," was buttoned closely about his far from robust figure. The garment was so short that the ends of his spike-tailed coat fell far below it, producing a weird and eerie effect. His trousers were so tight that the uneven contour of his legs inspired pity, and his feet were squeezed into long and narrow shoes. Over his breast dangled a single glass, and he wore English dog-skin gloves, the color of ripe brick dust. He held a silver-tipped cane under his arm, and stood with one foot far in advance of the other. His hat was tipped back on his head, his hair brushed forward at the sides, and he displayed evidences of a rapid mustache. But the most noticeable thing about him was the expression of his face. He meant to appear haughty. Instead he looked insolent.

He was a dude.

Presently another youth swung around the corner. He was the counterpart of the first, and their attire was precisely similar, even to the brick-dust gloves. They approached each other solemnly, and then the new-comer drawled:

"How are you, my brave boy?"

"Eh? Oh, I can't say as I'm too brisk, don't you know? I'm freakish to-day."

"You look a bit queer."

"Yaas, I've been in the eating-house here trying to worry down a bit of a chop with some shandygaff. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, you know. I took a tub this morn'g, then toiled me new cart up the avenue, and had a good appetit for breakfast."

"Rathah decent fun."

"Yaas."

"See you at the club later."

Upon which the new-comer, with a face expressive of great exhaustion, ambled away. The first youth still stood in front of the hotel and gazed indifferently about him. For a long time he stood there, while the *Sun* reporter remained in the background regarding him with reverential awe, and reflecting that the dude was the only thing in all the world that had not been interviewed. A little time passed and then—

"I beg your pardon," said the reporter.

"Ow?" asked the youth, slowly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh," said the youth, and after glancing casually at the reporter he continued placidly: "I don't remember to have met you."

"No," said the reporter, thoughtfully, while the youth gazed upon him with immense contempt, "but I wish to ask you a question or two about a matter of great importance."

"Oh, you don't say! Rather an artful idea, I'm sure. What did you wish to ask about?"

"The dude."

The youth started, glanced sharply at the reporter for an instant, and then resumed the air of indifference as he said, "Well?"

"There is a widespread rumor down town that a cat chased a dude up Fifth avenue yesterday at sundown."

"Oh, I say," said the youth, with a tranquil smile, "It's quite too bad, don't you know, to put it upon the—er—aw—dude, y'know, loike that. The dude's not hawf as bad as painted! Chased by a cat—Haw!"

"No truth in it at all?"

"Whoy, I'd lay a quid to a bob any toime that it's a pure guy," said the youth, with some animation; "and I'll tell you what," he continued, "the—er—aw—dude, don't you know, is wretchedly misunderstood."

"What is a dude?"

"A dude," answered the youth, slowly, "is a gentleman. A cad can never be a dude. He must not be in trade, but must have very little money, but then they have blood, y'know. But the point of the thing is that the dude is the embodiment—er—of the—ah—triumph of the gentleman over the cad. You take what was once known as a swell, or a fop, or a dandy, and it was never absolutely necessary for him to be a gentleman. The pet, particular god of swelledom was Beau Brummel, don't you know, and yet he was not a gentleman according to our English acceptance of the term. Still, he snubbed the Prince of Wales."

"Would he not have been quite as effective as a dude?"

"By no means," said the youth, hastily. "Don't you see? He was gorgeous and over-dressed, while we—er—that is the dude—is the name of propriety and good taste. He wore loud colors, padded shoulders, corsets, wigs, snuff box, and unlimited jewelry, while the dude wears no other than a ring,

and invariably dresses in dark and quiet colors."

"Is there any fun in being a dude?"

"To the vulgar a dude is not impressive. The gorgeous swell took the eye. The women worshipped him for the richness of his dress and the waiters in eating houses were overpowered; but the dude is essentially negative. He is not a spectacle; he is a quiet, self-contained gentleman. He is refined, and he is distinguished from common people by his manners. In England we have a landed aristocracy; in America the aristocrats are popularly known as dukes, y'know. A fellow dressed properly and walking quietly on the Strand or in Pall Mall is known simply as an English gentleman; but when he appears in the same attire on Fifth av'nue he at once becomes a dude."

"May I ask how long you have been away from England?"

"I—aw—cawn't say; the fact is I have nevah been in England."

"Ah! good day," accenting the "good."

"Good day," accenting the "do."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Fashion Notes.

Ribbons and lace, bows and ends, gimps and fringes still reign paramount for trimmings, and make the simplest toilet attractive.

Beads of all kinds and sequins are almost as profusely used as ever; pearl or mother-of-pearl sequins hanging in lattice-work of silk cords or pendant from strands of chenille fringes are among the most effective ornaments on white or pale-hued evening dresses.

Transparent muslins are shown with strawberries, raspberries, laurel and arbutus blossoms, carnations, sweet-briar roses and moss-buds in groups scattered on a colored ground. Usually this background is of a pale tint, a very delicate tea rose or primrose yellow being a favorite color; but these bright-hued fruits and flowers look very well against backgrounds of dark olive or brown.

Many of the rich, dark-hued spring woollens in monochrome are sold with borderings. French cashmeres especially are very handsome, with deep bands of the same embroidered in silk, in Grecian, Swiss, floral, or Renaissance designs, either raised or open-work. These, and other fabrics of the same kind, have sometimes pattern bordering of silk interwoven with the material, giving the effect of lace or embroidery. The demi-season dresses of wool this spring are decidedly quiet in style, tailor-made customs being so much in the ascendant.

Embroidery on silk gauze continues to be used as an elegant trimming to plain and brocaded silk grenadines or gauzes. A charming dress of this kind is composed of narrow ruffles of silk-embroidered gauze of a pale pink hue, the corsage reaching far below the hips, being of pale pink ottoman silk, trimmed about the square neck and upon the edges of the elbow sleeves with the embroidered gauze. A wide gauze scarf, richly embroidered, is draped so as to conceal the joining of the silk corsage to the gauze skirts. A black gauze toilet, embroidered very elaborately in silk, and a further garniture of jet beads, with black ottoman silk jersey bodice, also embroidered to match, is made up in a similar manner.

Some of the new patterns in straw lace bonnets are almost as intricate and delicate as Guipure lace designs. These bonnets are light, airy, and very attractive. Their garnitures are correspondingly light and ethereal. Soft-tinted silk mulls and gauzes are used, as well as wreaths of fine flowers mingled with delicate vines. A pretty little French bonnet in the "Olivia" shape of cream-colored straw lace, exhibited this week, is lined with pinkish mauve faille, and trimmed outside with a wreath of heliotrope blossoms and a cluster of crushed roses set at the left side. The last row of lace at the edge of the brim is studded with tiny mock pearl and heliotrope beads, and the scarf strings, of cream-colored lace, are dotted with the same bead work, giving a rich effect to the appearance of the bonnet.—*N. Y. Post.*

## Being Too Good.

A retail dealer on Michigan avenue secured a new customer a few days ago in the person of a well-dressed lady, who ordered and paid for a large bill of groceries. The grocer was desirous of keeping her trade, and, therefore, when she came again and paid him half a dollar with a hole in it, among other change, he received it and said nothing. Next day he was obliged to take another, and during the next week she handed out a dozen coins which had the dreaded holes letting daylight through them. Finally, a little girl came in one day and inquired:

"Is this the place where ma trades?"

"Who is your ma?"

"Mrs. —."

"Yes, this is the place."

"Well, then, I want a pound of crackers."

They were done up for her, and she handed over a quarter, which was battered as well as punched.

"Can't take it, sissy," said the grocer.

"Why not?"

"Because there is a hole in it."

"Don't you take 'em any more?"

"No."

"Well, this was the last one ma had, and she was going back to our old grocer as soon as we got rid of it! I guess she'll have to give this to the orphan!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Paris is successfully stereotyping her books on celluloid instead of type metal.

## Our Concert.

There is one good thing about Sue, if she is a girl; she is real charitable, and is all the time getting people to give money to missionaries and things. She collected more than a hundred dollars from over so many people last year, and sent it to a society, and her name was in all the papers as "Miss Susan Brown," the young lady that gave a hundred dollars to a noble cause, and may others go and do likewise.

About a month ago she began to get up a concert for a noble object. I forget what the object was, for Sue didn't make up her mind about it until a day or two before the concert; but whatever it was, it didn't get much money.

Sue was to sing in the concert, and Mr. Travers was to sing, and father was to read something, and the Sunday-school was to sing, and the brass band was to play lots of things. Mr. Travers was real good about it, and attended to engaging the brass band, and getting the tickets printed.

We've got a first-rate band. You just ought to hear it once. I'm going to join it some day and play on the drum; that is, if they don't find out about the mistake I made with the music.

When Mr. Travers went to see the leader of the band to settle what music was to be played at the concert he let me go with him. The man was awfully polite, and he showed Mr. Travers great stacks of music for him to select from. After a while he proposed to go and see a man somewhere who played in the band, and they left me to wait until they came back.

I had nothing to do, so I looked at the music. The notes were all made with a pen and ink, and pretty bad they were. I should have been ashamed if I had made them. Just to prove that I could have done it better than the man who did do it, I took a pen and ink and tried it. I made beautiful notes, and as a great many of the pieces of music weren't half full of notes, I just filled in the places where there weren't any notes. I didn't know how long Mr. Travers and the leader of the band were gone, but I was so busy that I did not miss them, and when I heard them coming I sat up as quiet as possible, and never said anything about what I had done, because we never should praise ourselves and seem to be proud of our own work.

Now I solemnly say that I never meant to do any harm. All I meant to do was to improve the music that the man who wrote it had been too lazy to finish. Why, in some of those pieces of music there were places three or four inches long without a single note, and you can't tell me that was right. But I sometimes think there is no use in trying to help people as I tried to help our brass band. People are never grateful, and they always manage to blame a boy, no matter how good he is. I shall try, however, not to give way to these feelings, but to keep on doing right no matter what happens.

The next night we had the concert, or at any rate we tried to have it. The Town-hall was full of people, and Sue said it did seem hard that so much money as the people had paid to come to the concert should all have to go to charity when she really needed a new seal-skin coat. The performance was to begin with a song by Sue, and the band was to play just like a piano while she was singing. The song was all about being so weary and longing so hard to die, and Sue was singing it like anything, when all of a sudden the man with a big drum hit it a most awful bang, and nearly frightened everybody to death.

People laughed out loud, and Sue could hardly go on with her song. But she took a fresh start, and got along pretty well till the big drum broke out again, and the man hammered away at it till the leader went and took his drum-stick away from him. The people just howled and yelled, and Sue burst out crying and went right off the stage and longed to die in real earnest.

When things got a little bit quiet, and the man who played the drum had made it up with the leader, the band began to play something on its own account. It began all right, but it didn't finish the way it meant to finish. First one player and then another would blow a loud note in the wrong place, and the leader would hammer on his music-stand, and the people would laugh themselves 'most sick. After a while the band came to a place where the trombones seemed to get crazy, and the leader just jumped up and knocked the trombone-player down with a big horn that he snatched from another man. Then somebody hit the leader with a cornet and knocked him into the big drum, and there was the awfulest fight you ever saw till somebody turned out the gas.

There wasn't any more concert that night, and the people all got their money back, and now Mr. Travers and the leader of the band have offered a reward for "the person whom maliciously altered the music"—that's what the notice says. But I wasn't malicious, and I do hope nobody will find out I did it, though I mean to tell father about it as soon as he gets over having his nose pretty near broke by trying to interfere between the trombone-player and the man with the French horn.—*"Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.*

—Bishop Peck, who tips the beam at three hundred or thereabouts, was at one time attending conference where the supply of beds was not equal to the demand. The Bishop, after being introduced to the party who was to share his couch, eyed him all over, and said: "So you are to be my bed-fellow, eh? Well, when I sleep alone I'm crowded."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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## Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE, REED CITY, MICH., April 13, 1883.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims and that said proof will be made before clerk of circuit court of Emmet Co., at Harbor Springs, on Thursday, May 24, 1883, viz: Mary Dobson, widow of Edward Dobson deceased, homestead entry No. 853, for the s e 1/4 of s e 1/4 section 23, and n 1/2 of n e 1/4, section 26, town 38 n, r 4 w. she names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Edmund Williams, of Bliss p o, Isaac Williams, of Bliss p o, Benjamin Walker, of Mackinaw City p o, John Walker of Mackinaw City p o.

Edmund Williams, Homestead entry No. 806, for the s e 1/4 of s e 1/4, section 1, n 1/2 of n e 1/4, section 12, town 38 n, r 5 w, and s w 1/4 of s e 1/4, section 6 in town 38 n, r 4 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: James Heany, of Mackinaw City p o, and Mary Heany of Mackinaw City p o, and John Walker of Mackinaw City p o, and Benjamin Walker of Mackinaw City p o. EDWARD STEVENSON, Register.